CHAMBER OF DARKNESS
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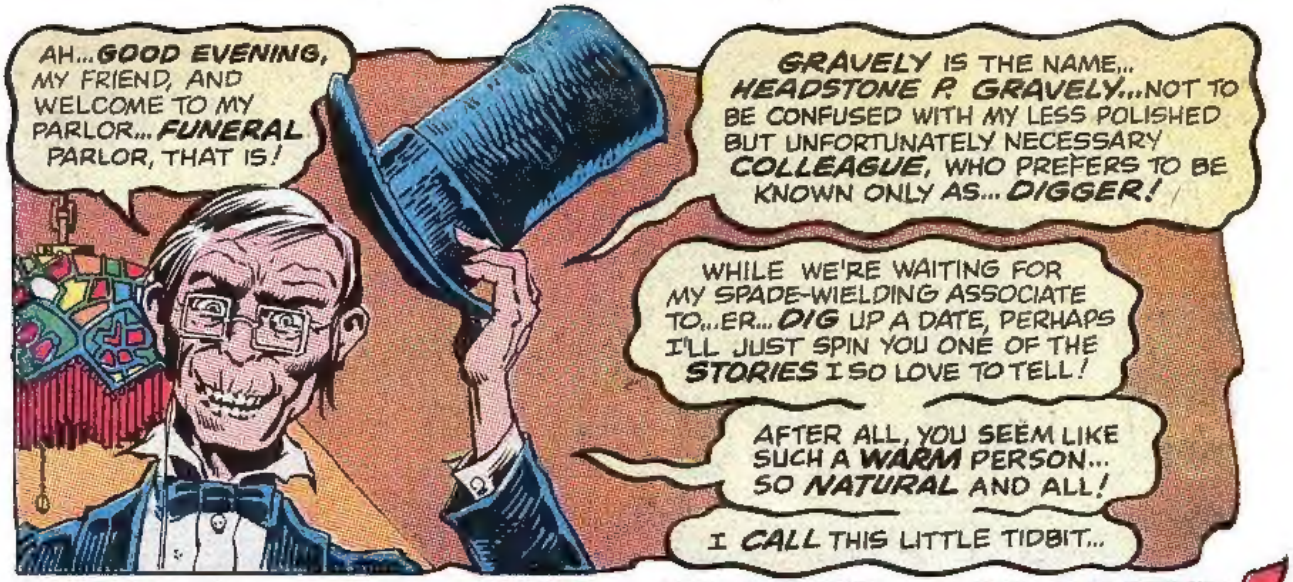
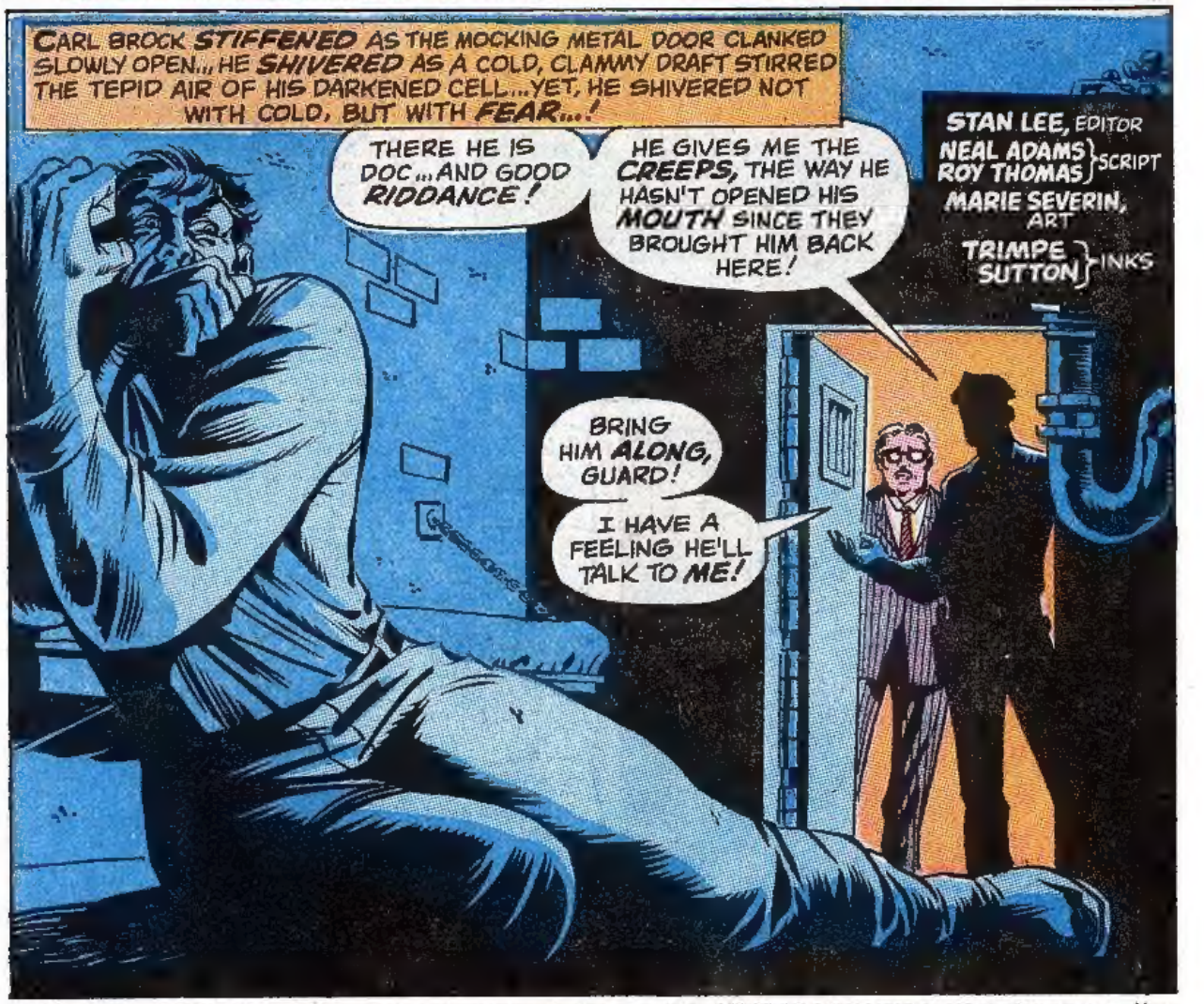
CHAMBER OF DARKNESS
ENTER... THE RED DEATH!


AH...GOOD EVENING, MY FRIEND, AND WELCOME TO MY PARLOR... FUNERAL PARLOR, THAT IS!
GRAVELY IS THE NAME... HEADSTONE P. GRAVELY...NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH MY LESS POLISHED BUT UNFORTUNATELY NECESSARY COLLEAGUE, WHO PREFERS TO BE KNOWN ONLY AS... DIGGER!
WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR MY SPADE-WIELDING ASSOCIATE TO...ER... DIG UP A DATE, PERHAPS I'LL JUST SPIN YOU ONE OF THE STORIES I SO LOVE TO TELL!
AFTER ALL, YOU SEEM LIKE SUCH A WARM PERSON... SO NATURAL AND ALL!
I CALL THIS LITTLE TIDBIT...

FOREWARNED IS FOUR-ARMED!


CARL BROCK STIFFENED AS THE MOCKING METAL DOOR CLANKED SLOWLY OPEN... HE SHIVERED AS A COLD, CLAMMY DRAFT STIRRED THE TEPID AIR OF HIS DARKENED CELL...YET, HE SHIVERED NOT WITH COLD, BUT WITH FEAR...!
THERE HE IS DOC... AND GOOD RIDDANCE!
HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS, THE WAY HE HASN'T OPENED HIS MOUTH SINCE THEY BROUGHT HIM BACK HERE!
STAN LEE, EDITOR
NEAL ADAMS } SCRIPT
ROY THOMAS }
MARIE SEVERIN, ART
TRIMPE } INKS
SUTTON }
BRING HIM ALONG, GUARD!
I HAVE A FEELING HE'LL TALK TO ME!

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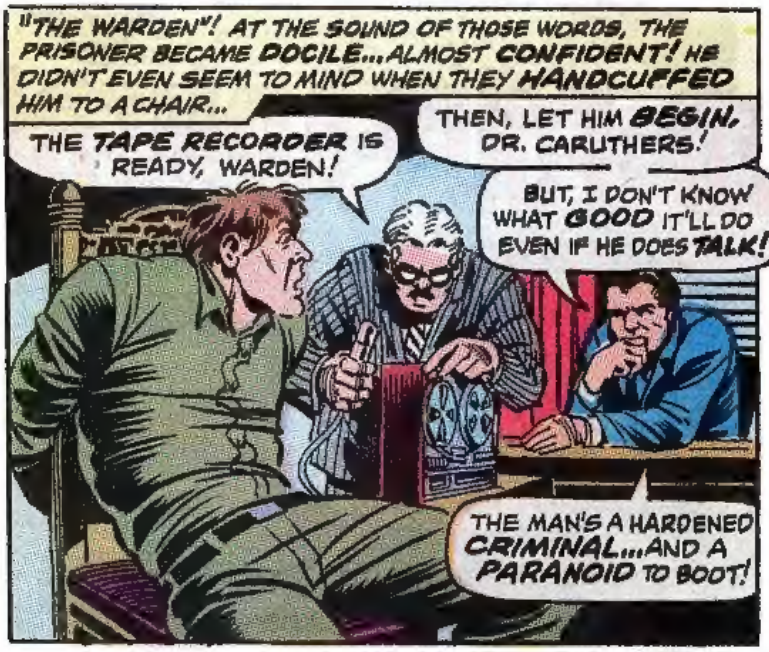
STOP STRUGGLIN', BROCK! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE!
THE BEST HEADSHRINKER IN THE STATE IS GONNA HAVE A GO AT YOU!
HE STRUGGLES... FIGHTS LIKE A WILDCAT... BUT HE DON'T SAY ANYTHING!
PERHAPS HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND, MY FRIEND, WHEN WE REACH...
...THE WARDEN!


"THE WARDEN"! AT THE SOUND OF THOSE WORDS, THE PRISONER BECAME DOCILE...ALMOST CONFIDENT! HE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM TO MIND WHEN THEY HANDCUFFED HIM TO A CHAIR...
THE TAPE RECORDER IS READY, WARDEN!
THEN, LET HIM BEGIN, DR. CARUTHERS!
BUT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD IT'LL DO EVEN IF HE DOES TALK!
THE MAN'S A HARDENED CRIMINAL...AND A PARANOID TO BOOT!

AND THEN, THE PRISONER'S LIPS BEGAN TO MOVE...!
A PARANOID, HUH? WELL, WHEN THE GUV'NOR HEARS WHAT I GOT TO SAY, HE MIGHT FEEL DIFFERENT!
IN FACT, HE MIGHT JUST GIMME A PARDON!
THEN I'D LAUGH ALL THE WAY OUTTA THIS FLEA-TRAP!

NO ANSWER TO THAT, HUH?
WELL, I DON'T CARE... AS LONG AS THERE'S THREE OF YA HERE!
WHY THREE? YOU'LL SEE- WHEN I'VE HAD MY SAY!
SHOVE THAT MIKE CLOSER, SHRINK!

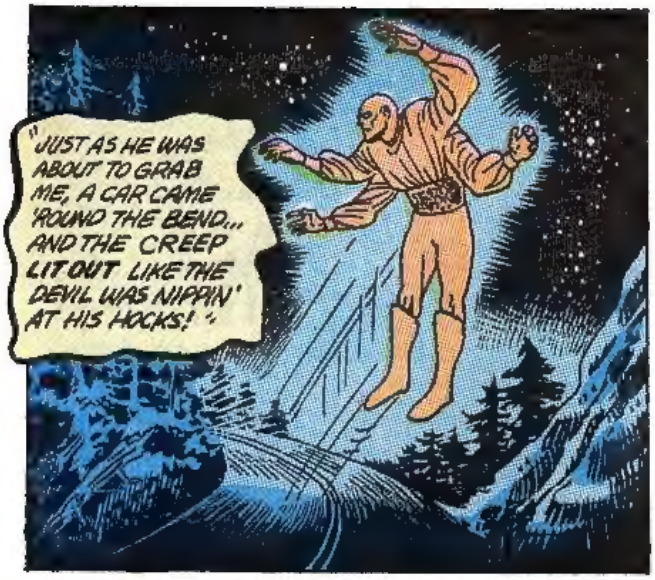
"ME, I NEVER HAD THE BREAKS, WARDEN... NO FAMILY, NO SCHOOLIN'... NUTHIN'! EVEN IN PRISON, NOBODY EVER NOTICED ME..."
"...AT LEAST, NOT TILL YESTERDAY, WHEN I SLUGGED THAT ROAD-GANG GUARD... GRABBED 'IS GUN...AND MADE A BREAK FOR IT...!"

"I KNOW EVERY ACRE OF COUNTRY HERE'A-BOUTS, AND BY NIGHTFALL WAS GETTIN' TO HIGH HILL COUNTRY AN' SAFETY!"
"THAT'S WHEN IT FLASHED OUTTA THE SKY! BIG, IT WAS... AND MOVED... MAN DID IT MOVE... LIKE LIGHTNIN'... AN' IT WAS COMIN' RIGHT AT ME!"
"IT DIVED...
HOVERED...
...THEN MOVED ON PAST, AS I CLUNG TO THE GROUND FOR DEAR LIFE!"
"I SEEN PLENTY'A PLANES IN MY TIME, BUT NONE LIKE THIS 'UN! LOOKED LIKE A SAT-ON FOOTBALL, AN' IT MADE A SOUND LIKE WHISPERIN'... MY INNARDS WAS SHAKIN' SO BAD I COULDN'T MOVE!
THEN THIS THING CAME OUT OF IT... FLOATED, LIKE!"
"IT LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE A MAN, 'CEPT IT HAD FOUR ARMS, AND WAS WEARIN' THESE BIG WEIRD BOOTS! NEVER SAID A WORD AS IT FLOATED NEAR ME...!"
3.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

"EVEN IF I HAD THE BACKBONE TO FIGHT IT, I WAS SURE IT COULD KILL ME ON THE SPOT!"
"THEN... IT WAS TOO LATE TO FIGHT! IT PUT THIS FISH-BOWL THING ON MY HEAD, AND POW... I HAD TWO MINDS IT SOUNDS CRAZY, I KNOW... BUT IT'S TRUE!"
"THAT GUY'S MEMORIES WERE MY MEMORIES, AND MINE, HIS! I SAW... REMEMBERED HIS WORLD... HIS UNIVERSE... AS HE SAW IT..."
"IT WAS LIKE A GIANT HAND HAD GRABBED MY GUT... THAT'S HOW SCARED I FELT WHEN I SAW THE THINGS HE HAD SEEN!"
"I SAW HIS PLANET WITH ITS BURNING RED SKY AND SOMEHOW I KNEW IT WAS DOOMED! HE AN' HIS FELLOW CREEPS COULD CHANGE THEIR LOOKS LIKE WE'D CHANGE SHIRTS... BUT I KNEW THEY COULDN'T HIDE AS IT GOT HOTTER... HOTTER...!"
"LIKE RATS LEAVIN' A BURNIN' SAWMILL, THEY WENT OFF INTO SPACE... TO WAIT... UNTIL SCOUT SHIPS FOUND A NEW HOME... A PLACE LIKE EARTH!"
4.

SUDDENLY I REALIZED MY MIND WAS HURTIN' LIKE A LEECH WAS DRAINING MY BRAIN!
GUESS IT DIDN'T FIGGER I WAS SMART ENOUGH TO NOTICE... BUT I DID!
I JERKED THE HELMET OFF!
YOU AIN'T GONNA MEGS MY MIND!
IT WAS A WASTE... CHUCKIN' THE HELMET AT THAT CREEP... BUT IT GAVE ME TIME...
...TIME TO DRAW MY GUN!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BUT... I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! MY BULLETS JUST SLOWED DOWN... AND FELL TO THE GROUND!
THAT'S WHEN I TOOK OFF! THE THOUGHT OF THAT THING GETTIN' INTO MY MIND AGAIN MADE ME MOVE LIKE A JACKRABBIT. I KNEW THE HIGHWAY WAS JUST DOWN THE SLOPE...!
I TOOK A CHANCE ON BEIN' KILLED, TUMBLIN' DOWN THAT HILL...
...AND WHEN I HIT THE BOTTOM, I ALMOST WAS!
BUT, WHEN I RAISED MY HEAD...



WELL, HE SEEMS TO BE FINISHED, AND I HAVE IT ALL ON TAPE!
THANKS DOC! I HOPE I HAVEN'T WASTED YOUR TIME!
I'LL HAVE BROCK TAKEN BACK TO HIS CELL NOW.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE PSYCHIATRIST RETURNED TO HIS ROOM HE WAS ANXIOUS TO TAKE PROPER CARE OF THE TAPE SO THAT HE COULD SAFELY CALL THE WARDEN...
WHIRRR
PLAY
ERASE
CLICK!
YES, WARDEN, I'VE PUT THE TAPE THROUGH ALL THE TESTS...
...BUT THE RESULTS ARE STILL ALL GIBBERISH!
THEN, THAT'S IT! I'LL NOTIFY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES.
IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT YOUR THEORY DIDN'T WORK OUT, WARDEN!
IF BROCK'S VOICE SPEED HAD SOMEHOW BEEN SPEEDED UP SO AS TO BE UNRECOGNIZABLE... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A SCIENTIFIC FIRST!
BUT, AS I SAID... UM... EXCUSE ME, I'M LIGHTING MY PIPE.
HA HA! DOC, YOU MUST HAVE THREE HANDS TO DO THAT WHILE YOU'RE TALKING ON THE PHONE!
UM-HUMPH... YES, AN UNCOMFORTABLE MANEUVER, AT BEST!
OF COURSE, CARL BROCK HAD TO BE TAKEN AWAY... BUT IT'S THE BEST THING FOR HIM! HE'LL BE NICELY TAKEN CARE OF WHERE HE'S GOING...!
PLEASE... YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME... YOU GOTTA!!
LISTEN TO THAT! THOSE NOISES SOUND LIKE SQUEEKY SPRINGS!
HE'S BATTY ALL RIGHT!
7
AND, BY THE TIME ANYONE FIGURES OUT WHAT HE'S SAYING, THEY'LL HAVE COMPLETELY TAKEN OVER, ANYWAY!
AH, HERE COMES BROCK TO ADD TO THE DIN AT THE LOONY BIN! AND I WAS SO SURE I'D HAVE ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR MY CASKET EMPORIUM!
MENTAL HOSPITAL
OH WELL, PERHAPS COUSIN DIGGER WILL TURN UP SOMETHING SUITABLE... IN THE NEXT STORY...!

WHAT'S *THIS?!* YOU'RE DYING FOR OL' DIGGER TO DREDGE UP ANOTHER SHOVELFUL OF *SHIVERS*, AND YOU'RE GAPING AT THE *GENERATION GAP* INSTEAD? DON'T *FRET*, FIENDISH FANS...YOUNG *FREDDY GARRICKS* MAY BE DUELING WITH DAD NOW, BUT *SOON* HE'LL BE EYEBALL TO EYEBALL WITH...

THE FACE OF FEAR!

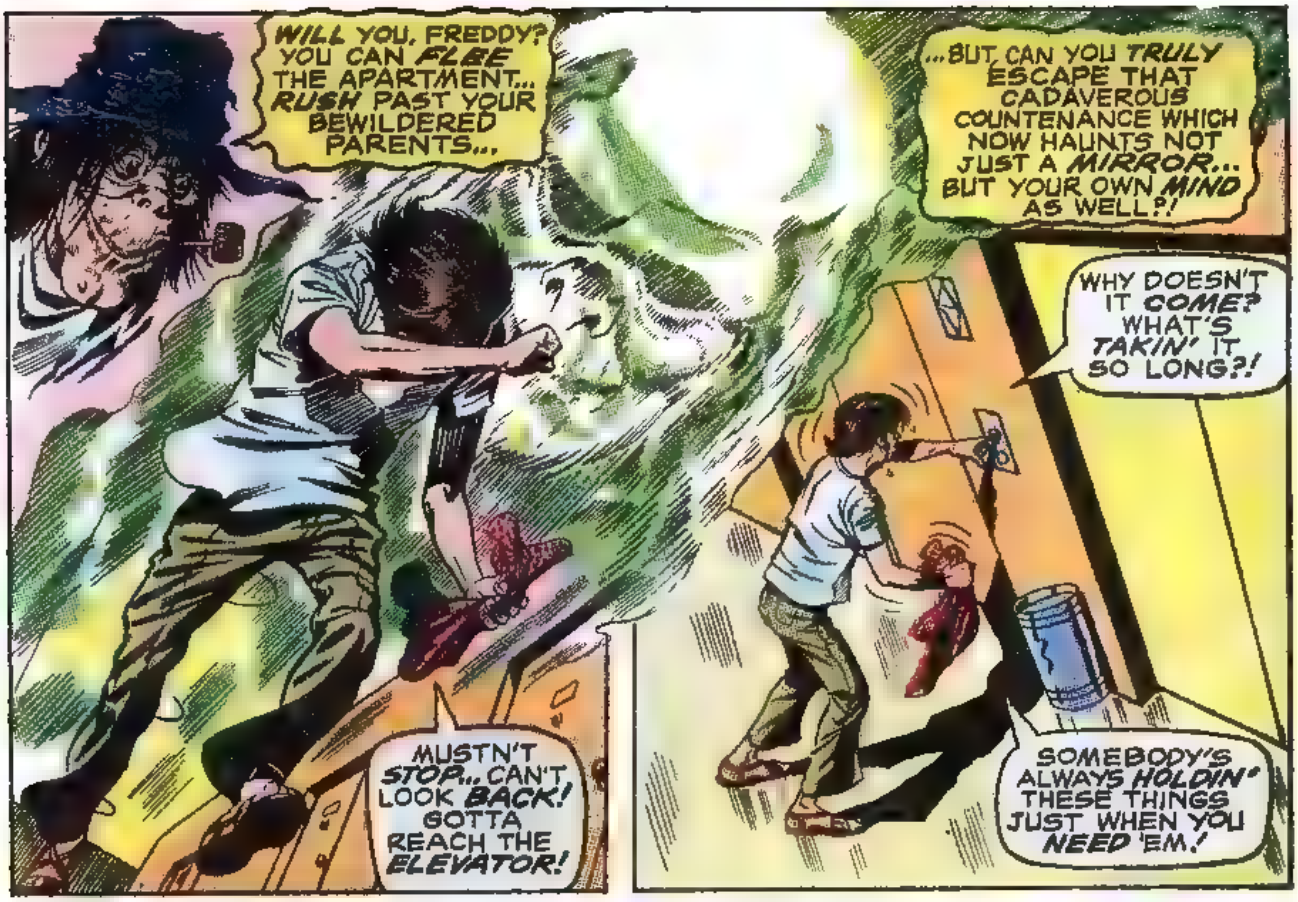
NO MORE *ARGUMENTS*, FREDDY! YOU'RE GOING INTO THAT BATHROOM AND *SHAVE*...OR YOU'RE *NOT* LEAVING THIS APARTMENT!
I'VE TOLERATED THE *LONG HAIR* AND CRAZY *GET-UPS*, BUT I WON'T HAVE YOU LOOKING LIKE ONE OF THE *SMITH BROTHERS!*
IT'S *MY* FACE... WHY CAN'T I GROW A *BEARD* ON IT IF I *WANT* TO?!

STORY BY:
STAN LEE
SCRIPT BY:
ARCHIE GOODWIN
ART BY:
SYD SHORES
LETTERING BY:
JEAN IZZO

BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE TO LOOK AT IT! IF YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE... WE DO!
MY APPEARANCE? BUT, DAD...THE GUYS ARE WAITIN' FOR ME, AND...
NO BUTS, FREDDY!
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING ELSE, YOUNG MAN... EXCEPT THE RAZOR SLICING THAT STUBBLE!
SLAM!
OKAY... OKAY!
APPEARANCES... OH, WOW!
PEOPLE LIKE MY FOLKS ARE SO HUNG UP ON HOW SOMETHING LOOKS... THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE ANYMORE WHAT IT REALLY MEANS!
LIKE SHAVING! THEY KNOW IT'S A BIG DRAG, SAME AS ME...BUT WILL THEY ADMIT IT LIKE ME? NO, THEY--
AWWWW... WHAT'S THE USE?!
THAT'S RIGHT, FREDDY, BEST TO GET IT OVER WITH... LET THE WATER FILL THE BASIN, BUBBLING HOT AS YOUR OWN EMOTIONS... SULLENLY SLAP THE LATHER ON YOUR FACE... YOU DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TIME...THE UNKNOWN IS WAITING...!
OH, MAN... WHAT'S DOING WITH THE DUMB MIRROR? I CAN'T SHAVE IF I CAN'T SEE!
STEAM FROM THE WATER MUST BE MAKIN' IT FOG...
2

NOW, THAT'S ONE ANSWER, FREDDY...
...BUT I ALWAYS HATE A NORMAL EXPLANATION! WHY NOT LOOK CLOSER... PUT YOUR HAND TO THE SMOOTH, DANK SURFACE... WIPE AWAY THAT INSIDIOUS HAZE...
HEY! I C-CAN'T RUB IT OFF...!
BUT...
NOW IT'S CLEARIN' ON ITS OWN! I CAN SEE MY FACE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S... THERE'S...
SOMETHING ELSE!
IT CAN'T BE...THAT FACE...THAT CREEPY FACE...
LIKE LOOKIN' AT DEATH ITSELF!
GRINNING... STARING...! ALMOST AS IF... AS IF... IT WANTED ME!
NO!
3

IT'S A TRICK... SOME KINDA TRICK!
DAD, IF YOU SNEAKED IN HERE TO TRY AN' SCARE M--
NO ONE... NOTHING BEHIND ME...! IT'S NOT A REFLECTION...
IT'S REAL!
WHO ARE YOU... WHAT DO YOU WANT...? WHY DO YOU KEEP LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT?!
STOP IT! DO YOU HEAR ME...?
STOP IT!
BUT, YOUR SPECTRAL FRIEND RESPONDS ONLY WITH SILENCE, EH, FREDDY? PLUS THAT MOCKING SMILE... AND THOSE SUNKEN, BALEFUL EYES THAT THREATEN TO SEAR INTO, PERHAPS EVEN CLAIM, YOUR VERY SOUL!
YOU CAN'T HAVE ME!!
I'LL SMASH YOU... DESTROY YOU...!
...GET OUT OF HERE TO SOMEPLACE A THING LIKE YOU CAN NEVER REACH ME AGAIN!

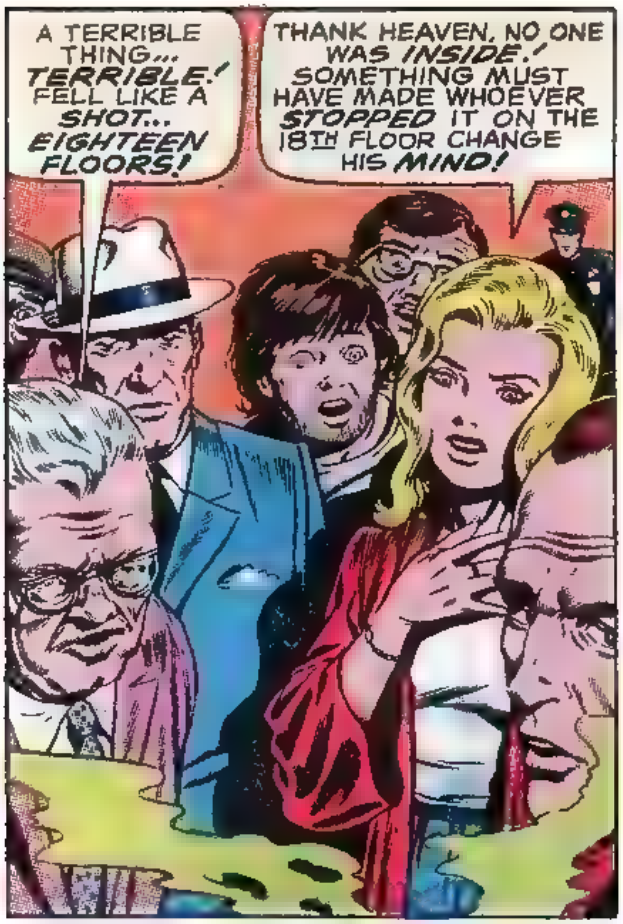

WILL YOU, FREDDY? YOU CAN FLEE THE APARTMENT... RUSH PAST YOUR BEWILDERED PARENTS...
MUSTN'T STOP... CAN'T LOOK BACK! GOTTA REACH THE ELEVATOR!
...BUT CAN YOU TRULY ESCAPE THAT CADAVEROUS COUNTENANCE WHICH NOW HAUNTS NOT JUST A MIRROR... BUT YOUR OWN MIND AS WELL?!
WHY DOESN'T IT COME? WHAT'S TAKIN' IT SO LONG?!
SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS HOLDIN' THESE THINGS JUST WHEN YOU NEED 'EM!

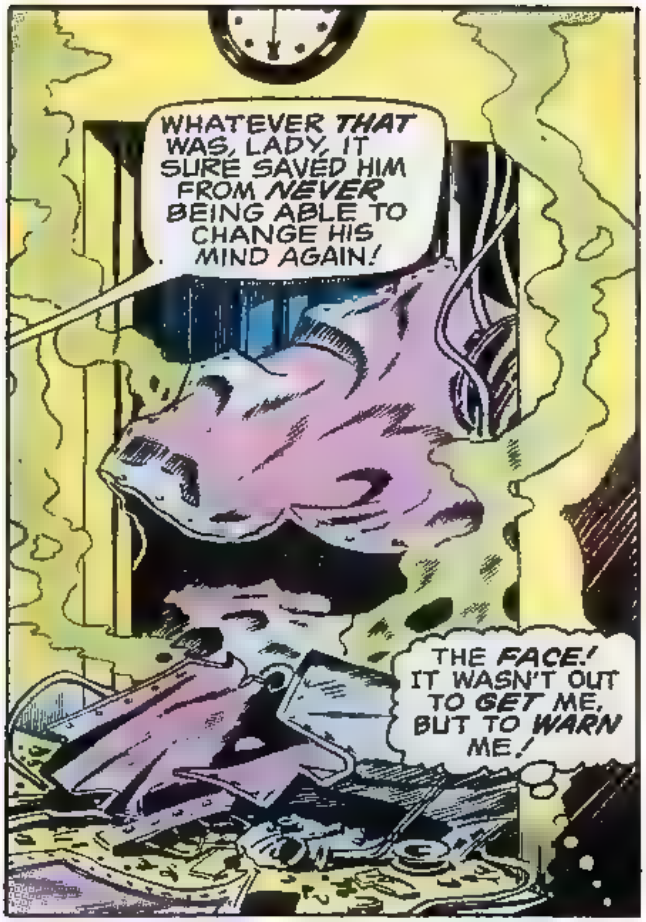
C'MON, C'MON! OPEN THOSE DOORS!
I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!

I GOTTA PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND THAT--
AND THAT... THAT...

EEYAHHH!
5

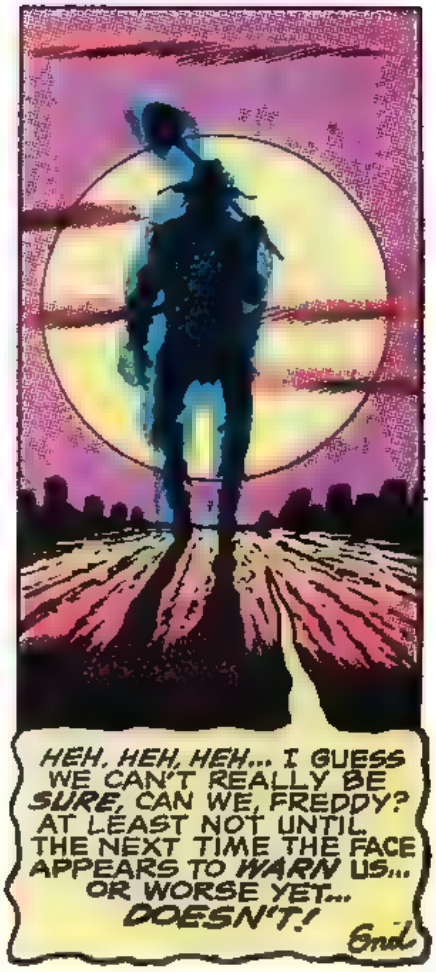
LEAVE ME ALONE... PLEASE! LEAVE ME ALONE!
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO... WHERE CAN I GO...TO GET AWAY FROM THAT THING?!
THE FIRE STAIRS...! I CAN STILL REACH THE LOBBY!
WHY ME?! WHY?!
WHAT DID I EVER DO... WHY DOES IT WANT ME?!
MADE IT! BUT...IF IT WAS WAITIN' FOR ME IN THE ELEVATOR, HOW DO I KNOW IT WON'T BE LURKIN' SOMEPLACE ELSE...?!
THAT TERRIBLE SMILE... THOSE AWFUL EYES... JUST WAITIN' TO--
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON...?
WHAT INDEED, FREDDY! JUST A LITTLE GATHERING OF SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS... GATHERING AROUND A MISSHAPPEN MASS OF TWISTED STEEL AND SHREDDED CABLE...
THE ELEVATOR! THE ONE I WAS GOING TO TAKE...


A TERRIBLE THING... TERRIBLE! FELL LIKE A SHOT... EIGHTEEN FLOORS!
THANK HEAVEN, NO ONE WAS INSIDE! SOMETHING MUST HAVE MADE WHOEVER STOPPED IT ON THE 18TH FLOOR CHANGE HIS MIND!

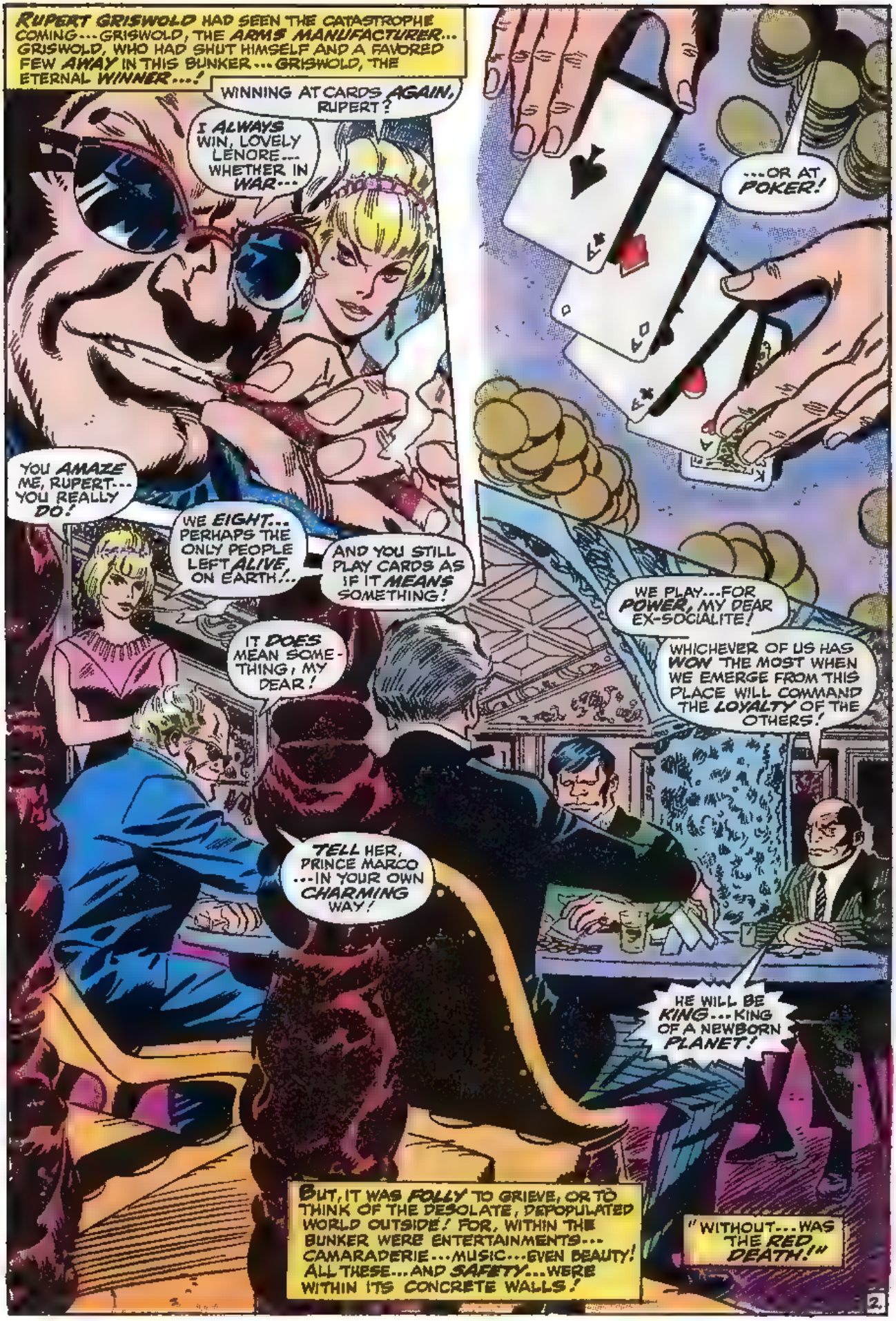

WHATEVER THAT WAS, LADY, IT SURE SAVED HIM FROM NEVER BEING ABLE TO CHANGE HIS MIND AGAIN!
THE FACE! IT WASN'T OUT TO GET ME, BUT TO WARN ME!

I-I LET ITS APPEARANCE FOOL ME... JUST LIKE I ALWAYS COMPLAIN ABOUT MY FOLKS DOIN'! MAYBE THEY AREN'T SO DIFFERENT AFTER ALL...
BUT, THE FACE... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT...?
IS IT THROUGH WITH ME... IS THE DANGER OVER...?
7

...OR, WILL I GO THROUGH MY LIFE LOOKIN' IN MIRRORS... AND WONDERING?!


HEH, HEH, HEH... I GUESS WE CAN'T REALLY BE SURE, CAN WE, FREDDY? AT LEAST NOT UNTIL THE NEXT TIME THE FACE APPEARS TO WARN US... OR WORSE YET... DOESN'T!
End.

SMILIN' STAN HERE... FILLING IN FOR HEADSTONE P. GRAVELY!
SO, YOU SAY YOU'RE A MYSTERY-MAG BUFF... BUT YOU DON'T QUITE GO ALONG WITH ALL THESE NEW-FANGLED STORIES?
YOU SAY YOU CAN'T BEAT THE OLD MASTERS ... LIKE SAKI, AND LOVECRAFT, AND MAYBE EVEN BITTER OLD AMBROSE BIERCE?
WELL, HERE'S AN OLDIE BUT GOODIE FOR YOU... EVEN IF YOUR BLUSHIN' BULLPEN COULDN'T RESIST UP-DATING IT A WEE BIT!
AND, IT WAS INSPIRED BY THE GRAND-DADDY OF 'EM ALL... A FELLA NAMED POE!!
THE DAY OF THE RED DEATH!
THE RED DEATH HAD LONG DEVASTATED THE GLOBE! NO MERE PESTILENCE HAD EVER BEEN SO FATAL, OR SO HIDEOUS, AS THE DEADLY, BLOOD-RED VAPORS WHICH CURLED AND COILED ABOUT THE SURFACE OF A DYING LAND!
YES, DYING... EXCEPT FOR THOSE WITHIN A CERTAIN CLIFF-PERCHED BUNKER...!
A MODERN-DAY MIRROR OF A MACABRE MASTERWORK!
STAN LEE EDITOR
ROY THOMAS SCRIPTER
DON HECK ARTIST
LETTERED BY SAM ROSEN


RUPERT GRISWOLD HAD SEEN THE CATASTROPHE COMING---GRISWOLD, THE ARMS MANUFACTURER... GRISWOLD, WHO HAD SHUT HIMSELF AND A FAVORED FEW AWAY IN THIS BUNKER---GRISWOLD, THE ETERNAL WINNER---!
WINNING AT CARDS AGAIN, RUPERT?
I ALWAYS WIN, LOVELY LENORE--- WHETHER IN WAR---
---OR AT POKER!
YOU AMAZE ME, RUPERT--- YOU REALLY DO!
WE EIGHT... PERHAPS THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT ALIVE, ON EARTH!..
AND YOU STILL PLAY CARDS AS IF IT MEANS SOMETHING!
WE PLAY---FOR POWER, MY DEAR EX-SOCIALITE!
WHICHEVER OF US HAS WON THE MOST WHEN WE EMERGE FROM THIS PLACE WILL COMMAND THE LOYALTY OF THE OTHERS!
IT DOES MEAN SOMETHING, MY DEAR!
TELL HER, PRINCE MARCO ---IN YOUR OWN CHARMING WAY!
HE WILL BE KING---KING OF A NEWBORN PLANET!
BUT, IT WAS FOLLY TO GRIEVE, OR TO THINK OF THE DESOLATE, DEPOPULATED WORLD OUTSIDE! FOR, WITHIN THE BUNKER WERE ENTERTAINMENTS--- CAMARADERIE---MUSIC---EVEN BEAUTY! ALL THESE---AND SAFETY---WERE WITHIN ITS CONCRETE WALLS!
"WITHOUT---WAS THE RED DEATH!"

MEANWHILE, ONE OTHER STOOD ALOOF FROM THE GRIMLY-CONTESTED GAMES...AND THOUGHT DARK THOUGHTS...!
WHY DON'T YOU JOIN IN THE GAME, GEORGE... THE SCRAMBLE FOR POWER?
YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE ANY BETTER THAN THOSE VULTURES FOR WHOM YOU DESIGNED THIS PLACE, DO YOU?
AFTER ALL, FOR ALL YOUR NOBLE PRINCIPLES, NOBODY HEARD YOU RAISE A VOICE IN PROTEST...
...WHEN DYING MEN WERE REFUSED ADMITTANCE TO GRISWOLD'S IMPREGNABLE BUNKER!
YOU WATCHED THEM DIE... AND WAS GLAD IT WASN'T YOU!
YOU LIKE TO THINK YOU'RE PURE...CLEANSED... LIKE THE AIR THAT PASSES THRU THIS MASSIVE FILTER YOU ENGINEERED!
BUT, DOESN'T IT JUST HIDE THE DEATH, THE UGLINESS OUTSIDE?
AND DOESN'T THAT JUST MAKE YOU...PERHAPS THE WORST OF ALL?
AND FINALLY, THERE WAS CARLOTTA... WHO HAD BEEN A MOVIE QUEEN IN THE WORLD THAT WAS NO MORE ... AND NOW ASPIRED TO A DIFFERENT KIND OF ROYALTY--!
GEORGE HARRIS IS A WEAKLING!
IF NOT FOR THAT, HE'D MAKE MY IDEAL MATE IN THE WORLD THAT IS TO FOLLOW...
AND, MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, CARLOTTA MOORE...
...ALIAS BETTY JEAN WANNAMEYER OF CANTRELL, KANSAS...
WHEN THAT RED DUST OUTSIDE SETTLES, YOU'RE GOING TO BE UNDISPUTED QUEEN OF ALL YOU SURVEY!
FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK OUT...!
3.

"WAS IT ONLY DAYS AGO THAT SCIENTISTS WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH A NEW POISON GAS..."
"...IN ONE OF GRISWOLD'S ARMS PLANTS NOT TWENTY MILES FROM HERE...?"
IF THIS GAS CAN BE CONTROLLED, IT MAY MAKE WARFARE OBSOLETE!
MORE TO THE POINT, DR. FARNUM... IT WILL MAKE A FORTUNE FOR RUFUS GRISWOLD!
I DON'T LIKE IT! IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE THE COLOR OF...
WAIT! TOO MUCH PRESSURE BUILDING UP! TOO MUCH...!
"THEN, WITH GRIM SUDDENNESS..."
FROOM!
THE GAS... EXPLODED!
FARNUM... IS DEAD!
AND... HIS FACE HAS TURNED A DEEP SCARLET!
LIKE THE GAS HE HELPED CREATE!
BUT THE GAS... IT SEEMS TO BE... SPREADING..!
AND DIDN'T IT SPREAD, THOUGH... ITS CRIMSON APPETITE FEEDING ON THE VERY AIR ITSELF!
BUT, GRISWOLD WAS PREPARED FOR SUCH DISASTER... AS HE WAS PREPARED FOR ANYTHING!
I CAN WELL IMAGINE THE FEAR-WRACKED STREETS OF THE WORLD'S TEEMING CITIES!
STILL, THAT ISN'T LITTLE CARLOTTA'S PROBLEM!
4

"BY NOW, THE WHOLE WORLD IS PROBABLY A BARREN WASTELAND ...EXCEPT FOR US, SAFE BEHIND GRISWOLD'S AIR FILTER! STILL..."
IS SOMETHING REMISS, MY DEAR?
YOU DON'T LOOK ESPECIALLY PLEASED TO BE ONE OF THE ONLY TWO WOMEN ON EARTH!
MAYBE SHE'D LIKE TO JOIN OUR FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME..!
NO, THANKS! I'M NOT THAT EASILY AMUSED!
IN FACT, IT'S BOREDOM YOU DETECT, GENTLEMEN ...PLAIN, PURE BOREDOM!
I SUSPECTED AS MUCH, MY LOVE!
RETIRE TO YOUR CHAMBERS, MY FRIENDS...AND YOU'LL ALL FIND FESTIVE COSTUMES
PERHAPS A LITTLE MASQUERADE PARTY WILL LIVEN US ALL UP!
AND SO, WITHIN THE MASSIVE BUNKER, A GAY, MAD MASQUE WAS HELD...
"AND WITHOUT ...WAS THE RED DEATH!"
THE LADIES! WHERE ARE OUR LOVELY LADIES?
HERE THEY COME, MY IMPATIENT GUEST!
AND WELL WORTH THE WAIT, TOO!
ALL HAIL THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR!
LET PESTILENCE AND DEATH RULE THE OUTER WORLD...THOSE WHO WERE WEAKER, LESS PROVIDENT THAN WE!
TONIGHT WE FROLIC... FOR, ON SOME BRIGHT TOMORROW, WE SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH!
5

THE TIME SPED SWIFTLY BY... UNTIL THE BUNKER'S LONE, LOUD CLOCK TOLLED THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT..!
THE HOUR OF DEATH... AND OF NEW LIFE!
ISN'T TIME TO UNMASK, GRISWOLD?
TRUE, TRUE... BUT WHERE IS OUR GOOD FRIEND GEORGE?
HE'S OFF SOMEWHERE BROODING, AS USUAL!
I KNOW HE DESIGNED THIS BUNKER FOR YOU, RUFUS...
BUT, IT WAS A WASTE OF PRECIOUS AIR TO LET HIM LIVE!
BONG
BONG
BONG
NOW, NOW, CARLOTTA... BE A BIT MORE TOLERANT OF OUR SOMBRE ASSOCIATE!
HERE HE COMES NOW, IN THE GUISE OF...
GOOD LORD!
THOSE RAGS... THAT GRIM, OUTLANDISH MASK!
HE LOOKS LIKE...THE RED DEATH ITSELF!
I NEVER GAVE YOU SUCH AN OUTFIT, YOU FOOL!
TAKE IT OFF ...AT ONCE!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR MR. GRISWOLD, GEORGE?
HE MEANS NOW!
SO, HE WON'T UNMASK, EH... OR EVEN DEIGN TO SPEAK TO US!
THEN, MAYBE WE SHOULD SHOW HIM OUR OWN IDEA OF BLACK HUMOR!
I THINK WE ALL UNDER-STAND YOU, FRIEND!
6

AFTER HIM!
GOT HIM! HE'S SLOW ---UNSTEADY ON HIS FEET!
YOU CAN UN-MASK HIM NOW, GRISWOLD!
THAT I SHALL! THEN, WE'LL SEE WHY HE'S PLAYING THESE...
OH NO...NOO!!
IT'S...TOO HORRIBLE!
HIS FACE IS... RED!!
YES...AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, DON'T YOU...DON'T YOU?
THE RED DEATH WALKS AMONG US... TOUCHING EACH ATOM OF AIR WE BREATHE...!
IN YOUR HAND... THE CONTROL SWITCH OF MY AIR FILTER!!
BUT THEN... WE'LL ALL DIE... EVEN YOU!
WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY??
WHY? BECAUSE WE WERE EVIL--- ALL OF US---
BECAUSE NOT ONE OF US DESERVED TO LIVE...TO BE THE NEW ADAM!
TOO BAD ABOUT GRISWOLD AND HIS GANG, ISN'T IT?
ESPECIALLY SINCE IT TURNED OUT THAT NOBODY WAS KILLED BY THE RED DEATH OUTSIDE A 20-MILE RADIUS!
"AND ONE BY ONE DROPPED THE REVELLERS... AND DARKNESS AND DECAY AND THE RED DEATH HELD ILLIMITABLE DOMINION OVER ALL!" --- EDGAR ALLAN POE
BETTER FAR A DESOLATE EARTH...A DEAD WORLD...THAN ONE RULED BY US!
DON'T YOU AGREE... MR. GRISWOLD...?
THE WORLD DIDN'T REALLY END THAT DAY...OR HADN'T YOU NOTICED?
End

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